



The Californian

The Californian was First Published in 1846 in Monterey and was the First Newspaper Published on the Pacific Coast



VOLUME V.

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1937

NUMBER 41

Popular Carmel Citizen In and Out of Jail

Nig went to the hoosegow. Nig is such a prominent Carmelite that there is very little need in identifying him. For the uninitiated, Nig is a large black dog belonging to Mrs. Stanley. Nig was one of Carmel's most prominent Boulevardiers. He was always to be seen strolling Ocean Avenue having a word with every child in town. The county pound officials came and took Nig away Saturday. Later the same day, Mrs. Stanley and the aroused citizenry bailed Nig out and he is back in Carmel, though his activities are much more limited. He must stay home at nights and he mustn't chase any more automobiles nor frighten timid tourists.

It seems that someone had complained that Nig was dangerous or a nuisance, a charge vehemently denied by the indignant crowd that soon gathered. Also Nig was not wearing his social security number, and that is serious. The law being the law, Nig was called for by S. P. C. A. officials and corralled on Dolores near Ocean. Nig was strolling with some of his many young friends. The officials didn't trust Nig and applied ropes and a choker and dragged him to the ambulance. That act incensed the gathered crowds and heated arguments followed.

A bystander offered to pay for Nig's license. Joe Catherwood's Boy Scout Cubs started a campaign to raise the amount to pay for Nig's license and release. Later in the day Mrs. Stanley was contacted and proved that she had bought a license which had since become lost. She promised to limit Nig's activities in the future and Nig came back to Carmel. Prominent citizens are holding indignation meetings over S. P. C. A. strong-arm methods.

KIP TAKES HIS SIGN DOWN

Carmel purists are rejoicing. They (and we) have never liked signs out of keeping with the village idea. One such in particular had been annoying Carmelites. Now it is gone. Monday afternoon Kip took down his large sign from the front of his market.

Jean Leidig and Ray Draper were among those who spent the week-end in Carmel.

THE ARTS IN CARMEL #6 THE TALKER



Firemen Meet To Clear Up Dept. Trouble

The firemen held a closed meeting Monday night in a determined effort to clear up the dissension in their department. According to Chief Bob Leidig and Chairman Fred Mylar, no decisions were arrived at, however they say that plans are progressing to clear up the situation. Their regular meeting will be held Thursday at which time a definite statement should be forthcoming.

Some of the younger members of the department have been dissatisfied with conditions. It seems that there is too much work and not enough social life connected with the department. Matters came to a head two weeks ago when Vincent Williams, junior paid fireman, turned in his resignation and rallied his friends around him. They suggested that Chief Bob Leidig, who has been building up the department for 20 years, resign. They also hurled veiled charges at Fire Commissioner Bernard Rowntree. The majority of the department members are behind Leidig and are quite satisfied with conditions as they are. In the interests of an efficient fire department they are working to clear up the trouble before the city itself steps in and reorganizes the group.

SADE LATHAM CLOSES PLACE OF BUSINESS

After doing business at the same old stand for eight and a half years, Sade Latham closed her restaurant and bar Saturday night. She was surrounded by well wishers on her last night at the Ocean avenue place. Her plans for reopening are to be held until she gets the decision of the Board of Equalization at their regular meeting in Sacramento on Tuesday. The findings of the board will be forwarded to Sade by mail and she expects to know sometime today. If the board decides against the church people's protest, Sade will go ahead with her plans to remodel and open up again on Lincoln street.

Owsley Gray left Carmel Sunday after a month spent here while he was writing a thesis on alluvial dredging. He recent returned from the Gold Coast in Africa and is leaving for the Malay Peninsula in two weeks.

Parole Violator Object of Local Fugitive Hunt

Excitement was the order of the day on Friday when the Carmel police staged a man hunt. It was exclusively a police affair, though they invited the departments of the other peninsula cities to join in. The citizenry was left in the cold. Enterprising journalists found that the boulevardiers and merchants on Ocean avenue hadn't heard of the party and passed the word on to the metropolitan papers who had another story about Carmel. Accused us of slipping, that the word of exciting events doesn't get around any more.

It seems that Police Chief Bob Norton was on the lookout for a parole breaker. He finally located the man, Oran Hobbs, a 26-year-old paroled San Quentin prisoner. Hobbs was in a cabin at Fourth and Monte Verde streets. He had been to Carmel about three years ago as a door-to-door stocking salesman and so when he decided to hide out here, he went directly to a cabin he had previously used. There at 11:30 Friday morning, Bob found him and placed him under arrest. Bob allowed his prisoner to go into the house to gather

(Continued on page 2)

Dr. E. F. Kehr Dies in Pasadena

Peninsula friends were shocked to learn of the death of Dr. Edwin F. Kehr in Pasadena early Monday morning. Dr. Kehr was the victim of a heart attack at about seven o'clock.

Dr. Kehr left Carmel early in July to join Dr. Paul Hunter in Pasadena. He had been on the Peninsula since December, 1931, and while here was a member of the staff at the Peninsula Community hospital as well as having a large private practice. He was 32 years of age.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Margaret Taylor Kehr, his mother, Mrs. Theckle Kehr, and two brothers, D. A. and G. W. Kehr, both of Pasadena. His sister-in-law is Mrs. Dale Leidig, who with Mr. Leidig, went down south immediately.

October Building Report

Building Inspector Birney Adams has released building permit figures for October. The month's total is \$19,310 as against \$11,065 for the same month in 1936. The years' total to date is \$294,394.15. October's building activities were confined to several cottages and minor repairs and additions.

Rex and Dorothy Flaherty spent the week-end in San Jose.

Woman's Remains Found, Identified In Carmel Valley

The remains of a woman's body was discovered up Carmel valley last Friday. A week-end of activity by the sheriff has resulted in the identification of the remains as those of Mrs. Maria Villa Real Gonzales. Mrs. Gonzales disappeared in September, 1934, but her disappearance had been explained by her husband, Edwardo Gonzales. The Gonzales were employed as caretakers on the Hazel-tine ranch. Edwardo, a well-educated Guatemalan, became caretaker on the valley ranch in 1931. Neighbors say that Gonzales became quite a drinker after winning an automobile in a theater drawing.

He began to quarrel with his wife, and on several occasions friends had to intervene to keep him from harming his wife. In September of 1934 she disappeared and Gonzales said that he had taken her to Monterey for medical treatment. Investigation has shown that she was never treated in Monterey. Next he announced that she had been transferred to San Francisco. Later he left, saying that he was taking his wife to Mexico for

(Continued on page 2)

Car Wrecked on Scenic Drive

Mr. and Mrs. Hitchcock of Maple street, Salinas, and a friend, Al Foster, were severely injured Saturday night when their car smashed up on Scenic Drive. The accident occurred at about 11:45 just outside the city limits. The car ran into a sandbank and down into a hollow where it was invisible from the road.

Luckily an unidentified woman saw the crash and reported it, for the car would have remained undiscovered until morning. The ambulance crew, which was helping the police department to patrol the Hallowe'en week-end, made a record run. They extricated the car occupants, rushed them to the hospital, cleaned and returned the ambulance in thirty minutes. One of the occupants is still in the hospital suffering internal injuries and shock. The other two were discharged Monday after being treated for cuts and shock.

Woman's Remains Found, Identified

(Continued from page 1)

a visit. He returned to the Hazeltine ranch without his wife. He said he had left her with her family as they hadn't been getting along well. Gonzales continued to drink and finally returned to Guatemala at the suggestion of the late Will Hazeltine. District Attorney Anthony Brazil announced that he is checking the case with the view of extraditing Gonzales from Guatemala.

The gruesome remains were discovered by John Coberly who was digging a cesspool on the Hazeltine ranch. The skeleton was still clothed and buried under five feet of earth. Identification was made through measurements of the remains and the shoes which neighbors recognized.



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CAMERA CLUB'S FIRST EXHIBIT

The Carmel Camera Club is now holding its first exhibition of member's work. The club has only been organized about six months but under the guidance of Lloyd Weer and Peter Stuart Burk they have gone far in that short time. The first exhibit only includes work of six members. They hope to build up from this as time goes on, to be one of the important groups of cameramen. The exhibition opened at the Hagemeyer Studio on Mountain View just off Ocean Avenue on Saturday. It will continue for a full week's time.

Most of the work has been done with the various makes of miniature cameras and the enlarged results are very pleasing and should be encouraging to the members. Horace D. Lyon and Lloyd Weer seem to be the most prolific of the members and perhaps due to that, have produced about the best work. This reviewer, being a painter, finds it hard to look at a showing of photography critically without thinking of many of the attributes of color and the brush. Some of Horace Lyon's shots of the rolling coastal hills are so rich in values and texture as to give the feeling of being very colorful. Photography being a mechanical medium, I find fault with Lloyd Weer in enlarging his pictures in soft focus. However, to be inconsistent, I did find his etching-like composition of linemen working on a telephone pole very pleasing. Peter Stuart Burk realizes the value of the camera for its own sake and shows some strong pastoral scenes. I again stick my foot in and criticize him for mounting them with a heavy black border, a bit disturbing.

Tom Mathew's most pleasing picture might also be called the trickiest in the show. It is an airplane picture taken from above a cluster of soft fleecy clouds with the dark patterns of the earth showing between. Dr. Kocher's Carmel valley landscapes and R. H. Laney's pastorals are also to be commended; in fact the whole group deserves a great deal of commendation. Most of the things show a good sense of composition and picture value and an understanding of the mechanics of their medium. —W. I.

Doris Dale and Gordie Campbell were among those who attended the Stanford-Oregon football game Saturday at Palo Alto.

Legion Turkey Shoot Over With a Bang

The first annual turkey shoot of the Carmel American Legion went over with a bang (if we may be excused). From early Sunday morning until dusk the crowds gathered on the Point Lobos Dairy property and shot away all that ammunition that Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek would like in China. A little noisy for the Carmelite nuns under whose back window the serenade was held, but it didn't even feaze the song birds.

Low and high-powered rifle events, trap shooting and pistol events of skill and luck were held. For those who didn't shoot there were games of more chance than skill. A barbecue at noon and refreshments served through the day kept the crowd hale and happy. Small children were easier to shoot than targets, but even they escaped. The truck-load of fine turkeys got mighty slim by the day's end.

PAROLE VIOLATOR OBJECT OF HUNT

(Continued from page 1)

personal belongings. Oran jumped through a window and ran through the woods and Bob Norton took three shots at him but failed to stop him. Later Roy Frates took a few shots at him as he failed to halt when seen crossing the fifteenth green of the Pebble Beach Golf course. From then on Hobbs had a time zig-zagging through the brush up and over Strawberry Hill with police in hot pursuit.

Pacific Grove police tried out their side arms when they spotted Hobbs at the second overpass of the Carmel-Pacific Grove road. That was the last seen of the fugitive until the Monterey police were tipped off that he was hiding in New Monterey. The informer directed the police to the home of Mrs. Bessie Sutton, 724 Hawthorne street, with whom Hobbs had once boarded. The police had no difficulty in arresting the parole violator who was held in the Monterey jail until the State Patrol Officers arrived. It was found that Hobbs had broken into the home of C. H. Whitman in the Monterey Bay Country Club on his flight across the hills.

Hobbs had been sent to San Quentin from Tulare county on an auto-theft charge. He was alleged to have broken his parole by stealing a car in Shasta County which he claimed to have left in Redding. He had no car when picked up in Carmel.

BY CANDLELIGHT

Last Saturday and Sunday Ted Kuster presented Siegfried Geyer's comedy, "By Candlelight", in the Golden Bough Greenroom. His choice was unfortunate for the play should be highly keyed, a feat above the ability of his cast. The lines are extremely clever and the whole thing should be kept moving swiftly to get the full benefit of this scintillating farce. Unfortunately the production was badly timed and the actors could not bring out the laughs that are dormant in every second of the script.

On the whole the women were far superior to the men, Shelagh Gulde did a nice bit with her part of Lulu Keck; it was uphill work but she made the most of it. Maurice Dee as the chauffeur was also good, but his part was over all too soon. Of the men Walter Fell had the most poise.

The second act was the best of the three. In this one the cast stepped up the tempo with interesting results. We grant that it is a mighty difficult play to produce, an ambitious undertaking for any director. Gaiety and sparkle are its big points and they were lacking in this production.

Gabrielle Kuster was definitely decorative as the Countess Von Baltin but Frank Beckman as her husband ran off with the acting honors of the evening.—N. L.

Bret Harte Tale Off Californian Press

The press that the *Californian* was printed on in the sixties was just used to print a Bret Harte tale in separate book-form. To give the book an air of Bret Harte's time it was hand-set and printed on the *Californian* press, an old Washington hand press. The story is "The Right Eye of the Commander—A Legend of Spanish California", a whimsical tale of the old presidio of Monterey during the Vice Regency. Bert Heron said that it is the first printing in separate book form of a Bret Harte legend. The second edition has just come off the press, the first being exhausted soon after its release.

Mooring Home Destroyed

The home of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Mooring was destroyed by fire early last Tuesday. The Mooring home was six miles up Carmel valley near the Carmelo school. The state fire suppression crew responded to the call, but the house was too far gone to be saved. The origin of the fire was undetermined and the total loss estimated at \$10,000, which was partially covered by insurance.

Co. Courthouse Dedicated Sat.

Saturday morning saw the dedication of Monterey county's new half-million dollar courthouse in Salinas. The ceremonies were attended by Democratic dignitaries from all over central California. Representative John J. McGrath was the speaker of the day, though many other officials were introduced and gave short talks. Argyll Campbell and Carmel Martin were the two official representatives of the peninsula. Music was supplied by the massed bands of all Monterey county high schools, over 75 musicians. The American Legion presented an American flag and the Veterans of the Foreign Wars presented a framed copy of the Constitution. Following the ceremonies the building was thrown open for public inspection.

The courthouse is of modern cubicle design with a rough concrete finish. It is built in two wings around a courtyard which was the site of the old courthouse. The old building was left standing during the construction of the new units in order to save renting temporary quarters. The building was designed by Robert Stanton of Pebble Beach and has relief heads by Jo Moro decorate the front of the building. The heads represent all the types and characters connected with the early history of Monterey County. One of the features of the dedication was the inclusion in the corner stones of prophecies by all Monterey county newspaper editors as to what the world will be like 150 years hence. The idea being to open it then and see how good the local prophets were. But they'll never know.

DR. LEE ADDRESSES CARMEL FORUM

Dr. Russell V. Lee of Stanford University addressed the Carmel Forum at the Sunset school last night. Dr. Lee, who is president of the American Society of Venereal Diseases, spoke on the role of the average citizen in the campaign to stamp out social diseases. It has only been recently that the efforts of medical men to have venereal diseases recognized by the public have been effective. There has always been, and still is in the public mind, such a disgrace and filthy connotation connected with syphilis and gonorrhoea that the diseases have been allowed to run unchecked through our population.

The present campaign is to bring the realization to the fore that these diseases are highly contagious and the only way to stamp them out is to fight them in the open. The Scandinavian countries have accomplished this and have stamped out venereal diseases in their midst. Dr. Lee described work of the different organizations and methods of providing treatment.

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Two Fires Thursday Sidney Robertson Plays Folk Songs

The firemen had two runs on one day. Early Thursday morning they were called out to a brush fire at Ocean and Santa Fe. A small brush fire started by hot ashes dumped on city property was soon extinguished. Thursday evening they were again called out to put out a brush fire at Monte Verde and Santa Lucia. This fire was also on city property but was against the fence of Miss V. Whitney's place. The latter fire was the more serious, though it was extinguished without any property loss other than a scorched fence.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sumner Greene and Miss Anne Greene invited a group of twenty friends to re-meet Sidney Robertson. Miss Robertson has just returned to Carmel after working for the Agricultural Resettlement Administration collecting folk songs. The Greene studio gathering was an informal fireside group interested in folk music. Miss Robertson played some phonograph records which she had made of country singers and spoke informally of her experiences and findings.

NO HALLOWE'EN DAMAGE

Police Chief Bob Norton reports that there was no real damage suffered over Hallowe'en. He and his augmented police force patrolled the town all evening and kept groups on the move. Soaped windows, a few city street signs down, but undamaged, air let out of tires and an occasional attempt to build barriers across the streets which the patrol kept clear. Remember when the next morning showed an outhouse or two on main street and a carriage on the roof of the general merchandise store?

Paul Doughertys No Riot at Home From Europe Merit System Mass Meeting

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Dougherty returned Monday afternoon to their Carmel Highlands home. They have been gone since the twelfth of April and have covered about six or seven thousand miles of Europe in the interim. They left this coast on an Italian steamer that cruised the Mediterranean and the Adriatic, stopping at the Azores, Algiers, Greece and the Albanian coast.

Landing in Italy they got in their cars and, as Mr. Dougherty said, they followed their noses, driving through a dozen or more countries, getting as far east as Budapest and the Hungarian plains. They spent more time in Italy renewing acquaintanceship with 15th century Italian master friends. They had a most enjoyable time, but returned grateful for being American citizens in these troubled times. They reported that there was not much trouble to be seen on the surface, but those who had known Europe in more peaceful times could sense and see a lot.

SULLIVAN SINGS FOR MUSIC CLUB

Noel Sullivan came down from his Carmel Valley home to sing for the Monterey Musical Art Club last night. The occasion was the club's monthly concert held at the Van Ess-McGowan home. Noel was accompanied at the piano by Elizabeth Alexander, eminent Western pianist. His three-part program consisted of Gentils Gallante de France, a thirteenth century marching song, Plaisir d'Amour by Martini, and Bacchus Triomphe, an 18th century drinking song. The second part consisted of Die Ehre Gottes by Beethoven, Das Wirtshaus by Schubert, Maria Wiegand by Reger and Wanderlied by Henschel. In the closing part he sang Carry Me Long by Foster, Questioning by Pierce, Song of the Palanquin Bearers by Shaw, Reverie by Wentzell and I Will Go With My Father by Quilter.

NEW DIRECTORY OUT

Distribution of approximately 14,000 new telephone directories for Monterey and San Benito counties telephone subscribers has been started this week by The Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company, according to R. P. Sexton, local exchange manager.

The new edition contains the names of persons and firms in 48 cities, towns and communities in the two counties.

Sexton reminded persons to remove valuable papers and notes from their old grey-covered directories before discarding them.

Distribution is scheduled for completion by November 4.

Eleanor Watson and Elinor Wheeler, both students at Dominican College, spent the week-end in Carmel.

What we had predicted might be a riot last Tuesday night turned out to be a big yawn fest. The merit system mass meeting drew about sixty people. Most of them were so lulled by the drone of legal terminology in the two readings of the proposed ordinance that they sidled off to bed. The meeting wound up with a scant two dozen, most of whom were of the original committee of 23.

The ordinance was prepared by Argyll Campbell after consulting with the League of Municipalities. It was read over twice by E. A. H. Watson, secretary of the original committee. The first reading was uninterrupted and the second was given with pauses for suggestions and discussion. Frederick R. Bechdolt was chairman and kept the discussion from straying too far afield. He explained that the primary reason for the system was to give security in office as long as the employee performs his work properly and well. It is also to remove city employees from politics and the influence of those who might bully them or remove them from office without taking the public into their confidence.

Biggest discussion of the meeting was over the question of whether or not the library employees should be included in the list of city employees. It was finally decided to take them from the library board and include them with the city employees. The high cost of a board of examiners was discussed and opponents thought that the different city heads were much better qualified to choose people for their departments than any commission.

The meeting ended after ten candidates were chosen for the three board members. A vote of the board of 23 original proponents was taken later and it was announced that Frederick Bechdolt, Brigadier-General Daniel Hand and Mrs. Dorothy Bigland were chosen to be written into the ordinance as the commission. Now it will be necessary for a petition containing the ordinance to be circulated. Fifteen per cent of the registered voters of Carmel must sign before the ordinance is turned over to the City Council. The council will then either adopt the ordinance or put it up to the voters of Carmel.

SMOKES - CANDY MAGAZINES

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Sally, start the war drums going, it seems that we have to get ourselves in a sweat. Pound harder, Sally, keep that rhythm. There are fights to the right of us and fights to the left of us and challenges and charges fly through the air like bullets in Shanghai. The squeeze play is still being used on the Californian with both squeezers glaring at each other after they dispose of us. Not a bit of it, my friends. Sally, stop the drums; we have a better idea, go out and get ringside seats and while our two worthy opponents grunt and groan in the fight of the century, we shall report it for our readers. In the meantime we are allying ourselves with the Castroville Cowherder for complete coverage.

A great display of brawn over brawn (no brain involved) Saturday morning has soured most of Carmel on the S. P. C. A. It is sad for that organization which was founded and developed in good faith. It is bad for the Monterey chapter, which is just now in a campaign of expansion and improvement. Carmelites have not cared much about having their pets regulated by law and order and have been loath to accept the activities of the S. P. C. A. And now they come and give the Ocean Avenue strollers and shopkeepers an exhibition of cruelty. The dear souls who back the society with their money and their love would never sanction such activities. G. S. Curtis, who has been directing the publicity campaign for the society didn't approve. But the fact remains that the society sent two strong-armed men to take in one of the town pets and they discharged their duty with such a display of cruelty to almost incite a riot. Granted that under our laws they had to discharge that duty, but there are many ways to get a dog into a pound wagon without putting the choker on him and dragging him for a city block. The Society for the Prevention of Cruel-

ty to Animals must cut down on its cruelty or we will be forced to start a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

After Friday's man hunt some of our citizens have suggested that our police take more time for target practice. Whether or not they are bad shots we don't know. We are sure that it wouldn't be any fun to shoot a man down in cold blood. We are inclined to believe that the police didn't want to shoot him down but to frighten him into stopping. The man was unarmed and not the killer type and so why should our police be expected to shoot to kill?

Fights and jealousies in any organization are bad. Fights and jealousies in a city's fire department are extremely bad. A fire department has to be a quick-acting unit. A fire doesn't wait. As long as there is trouble between the members of such a unit, the efficiency will be destroyed. The present squabble seems to be engendered by a group of the newer firemen. Perhaps they have some suggestions and criticisms. We don't know. We don't know how to run a department, nor do we know what goes on here in the Carmel department. One fact stands out, however. We have always had an efficient department. Chief Bob Leidig has built the department up to its present strength and efficiency. We see no reason why he should be asked to leave on the complaint of a minority of new members. The majority of the department, those with the longest record, have no complaints. Perhaps the newer members should be let out in the interests of the department.

One thing is sure—as long as there is dissension there will not be efficiency. We saw that illustrated ourselves. We know well a small town department that had the highest Fire Underwriter's rating for its class in the state. A political fight split the town and the fire department. For a full year the fire department suffered and failed to act as a unit. The only severe fire losses in the town were suffered during the period of trouble.

Pony Express Courier

The "Pony Express Courier", which is edited by Julian Dana, has, with the November issue, added a two-page lithographed supplement which "will portray the section of California where history was golden through the years". Many of these pictures will be the work of a great artist, Roger Sturtevant.

This paper has a wide circulation, not only in California, but in the East, and is of great interest to anyone collecting Californiana. Mr. Dana, who spent some time here this summer, is not only the editor of the "Courier" but is the author of "Sutter of California" and "The Man Who Built San Francisco", recent best sellers in non-fiction.

Flashlights

The Carmel Theater advertising the American Legion "Turkey" shoot.

Lynda Sargent coming home from a late party to find her house full of sleeping people.

Amelie Waldo amusing the audience at "Topper" by her hearty appreciative laughter.

Eleanor Irwin, A-No.-1 historical expert, dating the painting of a picture of the battle of Gettysburg 20 years before it took place.

A young Carmel lady commenting, "there's a sea-horse trucking in my beer".



Peg Carrol planting forget-me-not seeds in a window box and getting a cabbage.

Phil Nesbit and Rannie Cockburn having a mustache growing contest.

Hot arguments between local citizens and S. P. C. A. strong-arm men.

Carmel's finest holding target practice on Friday.

Joe Catherwood's Cubs going through the gamut of human emotions over Nig's round trip to the pound.

Spud Grey on a busman's holiday, out for a bicycle ride on Sunday.

Joe Catherwood, the most professional "barker" at the American Legion Turkey shoot.

Song birds not being bothered by the cannonading at the turkey shoot.

Monday morning window washers hard at work.

Guests at Beth Staley's apple-bobbing party finding all their tires flat when they got ready to return home.

Jon Konigshofer playing temporary father to 40 children at Jan Staley's party Saturday. Jon forced to beat a hasty retreat.

Carmel-purists happy on Monday morning to find the town without street signs.

Police putting "no parking" signs away for week-end.

Bob Stanton and three women were grim spectres. Halloween night, furtive and gloomy they were popping in on their friends at amazing hours in the morning. Bob was gloomy and the three women were furtive.

Sammy Colburn trucking down the street with an empty ten-gallon milk can early Monday morning.

A dignified local girl eating a ripe persimmon.

Spud Grey's new white bike still attracting attention.

Ray Burns patronizing a local amateur sidewalk photographer.

SINGLE ROPING

By ELEANOR IRWIN

Why doesn't some bright young person think up a name for the citizens of these United States that will be short, easy and distinctive? We say we are Americans. We are, but so are Canadians, Mexicans, Brazilians, Eskimos and Patagonians.

Every year thousands of tourists from this country swarm over Europe and to the question of nationality they blithely answer "I am an American". Simple but not satisfactory. Further questioning results in "I am from the United States of America", this is more explicit, but difficult to pronounce in some foreign languages.

In Spain they call us Yankees and let it go at that. There are other simple designations that are not so flattering.

Yankee is hardly satisfactory for it still has a definite "type" meaning that all residents of this country do not wish to accept.

Perhaps we could adopt the name of Samians for our famous Uncle is nationally known.

One of our favorite annoyances is the unpleasant habit we have of referring to the influx of United Statesians to California as the Coming of the Americans. What, please, were the Mexicans, and, for that matter, what were the Indians that the Hispano-Californians found when they arrived?

To make matters even worse there is that revolting habit of referring to all the intruders as "white" people to distinguish them from the Spanish and Mexican pioneers. This is insulting enough to warrant any number of slander suits.

There is an old legend among the Indians of Central America that goes something like this. When God decided to make the first man he molded a form of clay and put it in the oven to bake. When he took it out he found it was black. "Over done," said the Lord and tried again. This figure came out white. "Under done," said God and he tried once more. The third man came out a nice rich, warm, brown. "Here," said the Lord, "is man".

The First American Ship In Monterey

The first vessel to anchor in Monterey Bay flying the United States Flag, was the Otter, Captain Ebenezer Dorr, commander. She landed in the 1790's, after spending a week cruising along the coast speculating on the type of reception she would receive from the Spanish inhabitants. Her fears were quickly dissipated when the governor made her captain welcome in the true California style.

Now it seems that Captain Dorr had on board several escaped prisoners from Botany Bay, whose presence was very embarrassing, especially so, because England and the United States were definitely on unfriendly terms. Hospitable though Governor Borica was to his guests he absolutely refused to have the prisoners put ashore. When

SHADOWS ON THE MIRROR

Shades of the past are coming to light this fall. They do every season in the world of fashion, but this year they go back to an era connected with many unpleasant memories. Remember the days when a cloche hat and skirt belted around the lower section of the hips and ending above the knees contained all that was smart in the world? They used monkey fur then and the effect was devastating.

They are using monkey fur this year and the effect is devastating. What has become of Pola Negri? Now there was a gal who could change the destiny of nations when she looked at a man over the monkey fur collar of her coat. Once she visited the Pyramids laid aside in a little number of cloth of silver heavily banded in this particular fur. I have forgotten the name of the picture, but for years my ambition was to visit the pyramids dressed just like that. Pola had something there.

In spite of Oh Tempora and Oh Mores, cloth of silver and monkey fur can highlight any opening night at the opera in this year of our Lord 1937.

Another favorite of that same era that has reappeared on the fashion horizon is fringe. There is nothing more graceful than a skirt heavy with this long silk ornamentation. It swings pleasingly when you walk, it rests gracefully when you sit. It has dignity or vivacity and can cover more structural defects than almost any other form of drapery.

Oh, yes, drapery. H-m-, drapery. Here is the real answer to the figure problem. Handled with care this simple device of obviating flat chests, scrawny arms, opulent hips or any of the other woes of the none-too-perfectly formed is the most convenient artifice that has been given to designers.

One of the first principles of dressing is a knowledge of drapery. The Greeks, in their inimitable way figured this out long ago. We haven't improved on them very much so far. The great beauty of texture is in line and shadows skillfully folded into place. For many years we have overlooked this very important grace. Our things have been stretched, pulled and cut with an idea of as-my-skin-fits-so-shall-my-dress.

Drapery is important this fall, God bless it.—N. L.

Dorr was ready to sail again he stealthily put five men on the beach at Monterey and delivered the rest, including one woman, on the shores of Carmelo Bay.

Since the Englishmen could not be allowed to starve the Spanish authorities gave them all jobs at the salary of 19 cents a day and found, to their complete amazement, that the prisoners were skilled workers, far superior to any native artisans. It was with great regret that Governor Borica finally sent them on their way by the next vessel to put into Monterey.—N. L.

PERSONALLY SPEAKING

Joe "Dody" Benes entertained Saturday evening at a house-warming and Hallowe'en party. Joe's new house has just been decorated in Hungarian style and the guests all wore Hungarian costumes. They were Doris Dale, Eleanor Morehead, Mary Ann Harrington, Mrs. Galt Powers, Alice Meckenstock, Betty Rae Sutton, Ivy Van Cott, Owsley Gray, Tommy Hooper, Larry Sweeney, Ray Burns, Chas. Dantibo, Eddie Nicholas, Mr. and Mrs. Clark Tiedemann, and Mr. and Mrs. George Hopps.

Mr. and Mrs. John Mather entertained informally Saturday evening at a dessert and coffee party, followed by an evening of games. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Dick Sears, Mr. and Mrs. Dale Leidig, and Mr. and Mrs. Hap Hasty.

Commander and Mrs. J. A. Murphy spent the week-end in the Bay Region, staying at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Roderick O'Connor in Piedmont.

Bud Todd, who is now attending San Mateo Junior College, spent a few days in Carmel last week visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Todd, at their home on the Point.

Jane Hopper is now visiting in Lansdale, Pennsylvania with her sister, Marion, Mrs. Abe Mott III. She plans to return to the Coast about December 20, heading for Los Angeles with matrimony in mind.

Among the Carmelites who attended the Friday Night Club Hallowe'en dance at Asilomar were Marian Adams, Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Bell, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Bixler, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Canoles, Don Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Durney, Gordon Ewig, Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Tuthill, Helen Wood, and Mr. and Mrs. Glen Watson.

Joe and Beth Staley, with the assistance of Sam Colburn, gave a Hallowe'en party Sunday evening. The guests were Betty Rae Sutton, Adrienne Lillico, Betty Moffett, Marian Whitney, June Rose, Frances Wardner, Barbara Murphy, Marian Sutro, Susan Shalcross, Ellen Skaden, Louis Conlan, Henry Dickinson, Merrill Sommers, Ray Burns, Dr. Sholt, George Aucourt, Harry Lockman, Colin Alderman, Willard Whitney, Phil Nesbitt, Don Clark, Jon Konigshofer, Bill Overstreet, Dave Davis, Bob Norton, Bob Smith, Harry Hedger, Mr. and Mrs. George MacBeth, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Gates, Dr. and Mrs. Raymond Brownell, Mr. and Mrs. Rex Flaherty, Mr. and Mrs. Duke Andre, and Mr. and Mrs. Ted Sierka.

The Violette Shop representatives were here from San Francisco over the week-end, and gave a showing of their gowns at the La Playa Hotel Friday afternoon.

Mrs. Angel Elizalde and Madame Borghild Janson drove to San Francisco to hear Kirsten Flagstad in "Tristram and Isolde".

One of the most constant guests of the La Playa Hotel is Pat, the Irish Setter, belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Carl Rohr. Pat has become so attached to the place that they have great difficulty in getting him to leave.

A new resident in Carmel is Mrs. Guidi Fremont who has taken the Cloverley house on Monte Verde. Mrs. Fremont is an expert linguist.

Miss Margaret Cunningham and Miss Brown, from Santa Clara, spent the week-end in Carmel.

Mrs. F. E. Guntrip, of Colorado Springs, left recently after spending three months here at the Normandy Apartments.

Carl and Nancy Von Salza returned to Carmel early this week after spending the summer in the East.

Butterflies Early Advance Notice Late

The Monarch butterflies played us dirt. We gave them and their annual meeting some swell advance publicity, so we thought, and all the time they were sneaking in the back door. Lo and behold they are already there, several weeks ahead of their scheduled time to gather. Old timers shiver and say it means a hard winter, but then old-timers have seen Nature point each year to a hard winter. Nature, it seems, blows both hot and cold, take your pick. I guess we don't get paid for that ad. We'll wangle a press pass anyway and report later on the findings of the convention. A resolution backing the movement away from butterfly wing decorated gadgets is sure to be passed.

Monarch butterflies, for some unknown reason, gather in Pacific Grove every year to spend the winter clustered on a group of pine trees. The trees chosen by scouts who arrive weeks in advance of the main flight, are seldom the same year after year, but they are always within a small radius. They stay until the middle of March and they are off again to the high mountains. Mrs. Schneider, who runs a nearby camp, has been studying their habits for years and reports that this year they have taken up their winter quarters in a group of pines east of the El Carmelo cemetery.

LATEST SUSAN GREGORY SONNET

It is with great pride that the Californian presents this week an hitherto unpublished sonnet by Susan Myra Gregory. Miss Gregory, who lives in Monterey, is considered one of the finest poets of the West and has won wide acclaim in magazines and anthologies, both locally and nationally, as well as in individual volumes of verse.

LOST BEAUTY

By SUSAN MYRA GREGORY

*Deep in the petaled rapture of a rose
I look, and looking, cannot turn aside,
Bemused with timeless wonder. Beauty flows
Down the dim ages in unbroken tide,
Linked by this loveliness to dust of flowers,
And youth and singing summers yet to be,
The present falls away, and leaves no hours,
No days, no time, in time's infinity.
The mystic moment one enduring space
Hangs on the golden air, and for a breath
Each vanished flower returns, each flower face
Thrills to new Aprils from the frosts of death.
And all of lost beauty of forgotten years
Rises again, untouched of time and tears.*

ON THE BOOKSHELF

By THE READER

It is so easy to say, "I don't want to read a war book. I'm completely fed up on war", and thus take the way of the escapist shirking all responsibility for either present conditions or their future remedy. That type of person feels that war cannot touch him, and as for the rest, why—that's their problem. But war is all about us and the "Life and Death of a Spanish Town" by Elliot Paul makes it very clear that the bystander is as much a part of the whole horrible scheme as the military. Mr. Paul, in his beautifully written story, has been very clever in presenting his material. The first half or more of the book is given over to a description of the town St. Eulalia, a small fishing village situated on the island of Ibiza, which is west of Mallorca in the Balearic group of islands. You learn to know and love the inhabitants, to share in their daily joys and problems through the sympathetic handling by Mr. Paul of each individual in the group. With his wife, the author lived in St. Eulalia for five years previous to the war, and entered into the village life with great relish. When war comes to their beautiful island it is a very personal and vivid experience for you. You feel intensely the break-up of the community and the tragedy in each family. It is your friends who are massacred, not just a few Spanish fishermen on a small island somewhere in Europe.

The magazine Fortune has just published in book form, under the title of "Background of War", six articles that appeared from time to

time in recent issues of their periodical. The material was collected by a number of writers—no one man could tap so many sources—and then rewritten by the editors. Anyone wishing to understand better the underlying motives in regard to a great deal that now seems incomprehensible in numerous European countries would do well to read this book, which is written in clear, forceful language. The astounding anti-war policy of England is taken up in the first chapter. It is a policy that has caused a shattered peace system, including the devastation in Spain, the downfall of the Ethiopian kingdom, the theft of Chinese territory, and now the threats of the Italian mad man. The chapter on Spain is a sympathetic revelation of the injustice of a system created only for the upper classes, a feudal system trying to function in the Twentieth Century. German needs and how Hitler has met the problems is an especially interesting article. France and her rather involved social and political system is clearly handled, the book ending with an illuminating article on the Soviets.

For those who are trying to understand the violent times in which we are living is "Volunteer in Spain" by John Sommerfield, a member of the Spanish Loyalists' International Brigade. Mr. Sommerfield is a young Englishman who left school at sixteen but whose education has broadened and de-

REV. AUSTIN CHINN HAS PASSED AWAY

Reverend Austin B. Chinn, who was for 13 years rector of All Saints Episcopal Church here, passed away Wednesday morning at St. Luke's hospital in San Francisco. His death was caused by a chronic ailment with which he had been afflicted for some time.

Since last May Mr. and Mrs. Chinn have been living at their new home near Palo Alto. He also leaves a daughter, Laurran, a son, Austin B. Chinn Jr., and a brother, Dr. Walter Chinn, who lives in Virginia. A stepbrother, Norman Chinn, is a resident of New York City.

Charles Guth, senior fireman, has just returned from a two week's vacation. Guth spent the first of the week on his uncle's ranch near Tulare, and the second week visiting old friends around Fresno. The high point of the trip was a frog hunt. Charlie thinks the French have something after all.

veloped by experience gained by work as a sailor, carpenter, actor, writer and social research worker. In this volume he has produced one of the best and most readable books on the Spanish war. No matter what your political beliefs are, or which side you feel is right in the Spanish conflict, you cannot help from responding to the deep sincerity and the wonderful understanding and sympathy expressed by this man in his interpretation of the effect of it all on the common soldier—the man who gives all and gets nothing.

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November Art Show Stronger Than Last

LIBBY LEY

WRECKS CAR

The opening of the November show on our dead-line day presents quite a problem. To criticize it as it should be criticized I should have time to cogitate. The show must go on and the paper must go to press. I stick my neck out with a quick tour of the gallery and a quicker peck at the typewriter. God help me and the paper.

In the first place I should say that the show is very much stronger this month than in October. There has already been some criticism of the hanging, but then there is always criticism of hanging. The very fact of four walls holding many pictures is reason for criticism, it destroys the chance to appreciate an individual canvas.

Howard Smith, N. A., is the only newcomer of the show. For his first hanging he has chosen a very workmanlike N. A. portrait of a red-haired girl in blue against a dark black-green background design. It is for those who love detailed likenesses and despite sunburned features.

Two people who haven't been seen for a long time are Margaret Ingels, who shows a pastoral water color, and Laura Maxwell, who is showing a clean-cut watercolor of Mexican poppies. The most spectacular canvas of the show is William Ritschel's painting of wild mustangs stampeding in an early morning light. It is full of action, good drawing and rich color but the far-off sun-lit mountains are topped with snow too brightly painted. Ritschel also has two pleasing heads, a Balinese and a Javanese girl. I wonder if a slave ship cracked up on the coast of Bali; that looked suspiciously negroid.

Homer Levinson is reshowing his "Watsonville Fields", a very pleasing converging striped design under a dull sky. The lettuce field rows lead to a spot of Spring sunshine in the distance. John O'Shea has made the best of the mosaic decorative qualities of an eroded canyon. Burton Boundey's oil painting of a hillside ranch overlooking a valley and distant hills is bright in color

Mrs. Libby Ley escaped serious injury Thursday when her car turned over three times on the Bay Shore highway. She suffered a broken foot and minor bruises, and was taken immediately to the San Jose hospital. She is now in San Francisco with her parents and will return to Carmel soon.

and simple in form. The rhythmic counter-play of the hills and the sheds are most interesting. I believe his water color to be more successful. The colors are warmer and the planes more textured.

Armin Hansen has one of his older designs of Indians going to the mission in the moonlight. Very reminiscent of Maynard Dixon, which will probably get me in wrong. I feel that Ferdinand Burgdorff has entirely failed in his attempt to make a stylized design out of sunset clouds. Robert Balfour's flower study is a "wheel" in color and design. Painted in broken color it incorporates every pigment on the palette and is done in sweeping movement, but the colors are much too same in value.

Alvin Beller painted Point Lobos in dark greys and simple forms but was trapped by the surf. His pastel is a little more consistent though he is more sympathetic to tree trunks than to foliage. Charles Horton almost got a very good landscape in varied greyed-greens and earthen reds accented with blue, but then he forgot his composition and let his road run off the canvas with no psychological stop and go. You have to climb into the picture again if you want to see more.

Paul Whitman's charcoal drawing is a very well handled illustration of duck hunters silhouetted against the rising sun. Other's to exhibit are: Leslie Wolff, Charlotte Morgan, Major Cooté, Percy Grey, M. De Neale Morgan, Thomas McGlynn, Richard Taggart, Maynard Curtis, Fred Dean, E. M. Heath and William Irwin... and someday I'll give you a destructive criticism of William Irwin.—W. I.

::: Miracles of Chinese Medicine :::

By PHIL NESBITT

When recently in China I discussed with my Chinese friends 'aches and pains', 'chills and agues', colic, indigestion and other ailments of a like and commonplace nature. Those with whom I had the talks were farmers, doctors, ricksha coolies, and a small host of other 'laymen' of China. Each had a particular and peculiar ailment which bothered him. It is the same with each of us. We all have something. I discovered a bond of kinship with the Chinese in the matter of aches, pains and ailments in general, and their Chinese cure. It is exceedingly interesting, this matter of how the Chinese cure themselves. Let us take the complaint called indigestion. Chinese babies have it frequently. I asked the mother of a baby with indigestion, "What is the best way of curing your baby?" She told me, in broken English, "That all there was to it was the 'family rice measure'". The rice measure is a hollow bamboo scoop which parcels out individual amounts of rice. The mother showed it to me. I failed to see the link between it and her baby's indigestion. She then demonstrated how she would hold it, open end downward, over a hot fire so that it might fill with the hot air. Then, she laid the baby out and placed the rice measure on the baby's small abdomen, where it was allowed to remain for a brief while. Several repeated applications of this most primitive hot water bottle effect drove away both the baby's howls and the indigestion within a short time. In fact, the Chinese discovered the secret of the hot water bottle long before we did. This first named cure for indigestion is centuries old. It is as time-worn as the Ming Tombs.

The Chinese mother also explained to me about the cure for convulsions. It appears that Chinese babies are plagued with this ailment also. At first hint of convulsions, the mother dashes hot oil in the baby's face, and rubs warm oil over it's body. She never uses animal fat; Chinese mothers have not used such animal oils for at least ten centuries until the present. They have used linseed or peanut oil. Then, if this oil bath does not cure the baby of its convulsions, a Chinese frying pan, which is bowl-shaped, is thoroughly heated and placed over the baby's entire body, with a blanket to prevent burning, between the baby and the frying pan. Now, if the baby is still in convulsions, the mother (frantic now) takes a wick

saturated in oil, lights it, and with the flame, touches the wrists and other vital body points of her child. Perhaps the baby has too severe a case of convulsions, so that even such drastic methods as this last will not save it. If this is the case, the worried mother goes to the temple where she purchases as many paper tael as her purse will allow, and burns them before the gilded image of the "God of little Children", or the 'God of Health'.

In China, herbs and insects are widely used in medicine. Special favorite insect is the good and familiar kitchen cockroach as it occurs in China. When a Chinese is ill of whooping cough, asthma, or any other bronchial trouble, he eats cockroaches. The legs and the wings and head of the cockroach are removed, then it is delicately roasted and consumed. This practice, in all its virtue, is more common in South China than North China, for the reason that there are more cockroaches in the South. The cockroach is not the only insect used in cures—there is a long list, and many are strange and queer. Leeches are used in China as elsewhere for their bleeding properties. Cantharides and singing beetles are either consumed or applied externally and are very popular. Some medics make them into unguents and salves whilst others contrive to turn them into mysterious medical potions of a nature totally unfamiliar to us.

For the treatment of ringworm, persistent eczema and other such ailments, the Chinese use a most drastic and pungent cure. After washing afflicted feet with hot water, they rub garlic—yes, garlic, into the skin until blood is drawn. This is the moment sought for in the application of gun powder. Gunpowder has evidently curative or antiseptic properties, for it does greatly help to cure certain afflictions. The Chinese invented gunpowder. They used it thereafter for many things beside blowing up the enemy; such as this cure which I have mentioned. Cowboys in America, too, have revealed gunpowder's saving qualities when it comes to the question of rattlesnake bite!

A large group of medical men of China term themselves "acupuncturists". Acupuncture is an ancient art. Less popular today than it was during the last ten or twelve centuries, it is still practiced. Chinese medical men reap golden profits from its dispensation. To be an acupuncturist, a Chinese doctor must know absolutely, the 367 vital points of the body. Then, upon knowing them, he must have

twelve steel needles, hot and cold. For a veritable host of bodily afflictions, the needles and their insertion in one or more of the 367 vital points of the body, acupuncture is a certain cure. Chinese doctors are no exception to the medical philosophy of the world, in that the "body humanity" is for experimentation, and if, "the patient dies, the operation was nevertheless successful".

When sunstroke afflicts a Chinese, the immediate answer in the form of a cure is to scrape the skin until bleeding starts. Among the commonly used scrapers for this purpose are "copper cash", an "earthenware spoon" or a "woman's jade earring". For headache the Chinese will pinch until the skin is raw, the bridge of the nose. I have tried this, only mildly and it seemed to help a headache which I suffered from. I believe "faith" is a large portion of a Chinese cure.

In all Chinese cures, there is but one basic intention. To drive out the devil. Bad health is evil—evil is the devil—so, drive him out, and good health results. Women will be interested in knowing how their Chinese sisters in beauty keep their complexions so clear. It appears to be true that "pearls, crushed into fine powder and swallowed" insure a fine complexion.

It is possible to see why pearls might help. The pearl is formed by the oyster, of a protective secretion. Why, then, when rendered acceptable to human stomachs, should not pearl dust find its way to the outer surface where it belongs, and safeguard a nice complexion? There may be a method in this "madness of Chinese medicine" for all that. However, I cannot exactly imagine American women grinding up their pearls into powder!

The development of "night-blindness" is due to a lack of vitamin A. Many Chinese suffer from this unhappy disease. Beri-beri is a disease common to many Chinese. It is a little like dropsy, and is due to a lack of vitamin B, and from eating too much polished rice.

Of course the mother with the indigestion-sick baby did not inform me of all these cures found in Chinese medicine. Many of the conditions outlined above are common medical knowledge. It is worth knowing, however, that the Chinese had discovered, and knew of the application of many of the salient and proven Occidental cures. The average Chinese is unbelievably bolstered in his medical knowledge by faith. Faith won is half the battle won, for the Chinese.

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AFTERMATH

By SAM COLBURN

As I am writing this it happens to be Monday, and Monday is usually a bad enough day without following Hallowe'en. In fact it is as hard to force a thought across any one of my gaping synapses as it is to bridge the Grand Canyon with a toothpick. There are aftermaths to every holiday, but that following Hallowe'en is superb. Of course the Fourth of July aftermath is to be considered as one of the most trying as you have to go around plucking skyrocketed out of pansy beds, soothing burnt fingers with butter, and calming nerves jangled from the impact of fire-cracker explosions. Still for a good all around aftermath the one following a vigorous Hallowe'en is indeed a honey. There is soap to be washed from windows, air to be pumped into deflated tires, and garbage cans to be removed from telephone poles. And if you have given a party such as my landlady and I hope we did, you stagger around with hand on feverish, bulging brow, and stare with amazement at the sad scene of the previous evening's affray—longing for the comparative cleanliness of a pig sty.

It seems to me that the youth of today lacks genius in the playing of the Hallowe'en prank. No longer do we arise in the dawn to find Farmer Murphy's cow stolidly munching hats in the show window of Mrs. Glotz's millinery shop, or Clem Brown's old Ford dangling on ropes from the top of the village church steeple.

Personally I lay this decline in creative effort to the vanishing of the fine inspirational factor—the backyard rest room.

SAM BLYTHE ON ADOBE IN "HOMES OF WEST"

The November issue of "Homes of the West" that has incorporated the Garden Quarterly, includes a most interesting article by Samuel Blythe on the adobe construction now being done in Carmel. It is illustrated by fine photographs of the new homes just above the old mission. This new adaptation of an old art has received the attention of scientists. They have improved the durability of adobe bricks by impregnating the soil with a water-proofing oil that should make the bricks about as lasting as any building material on the market today.

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NATURE STUDIES NATURE



LIBERTIES WITH LEMON

*A big bull seal acting on a hunch
Decided that it was time for lunch,
Put on speed and caught a salmon,
Licked his chops and wished for lemon.*

SALINAS WINS AT POLO FROM PRESIDIO TEAM

The Salinas polo team won the Salinas Produce Cup at the Del Monte field Sunday afternoon. They defeated the Army team 8 to 4, the Army having a one-point handicap. The Salinas team was: Ralph Myers (2), Tom Mathews (0), Lester Stirling (2), and Eric Tyrrell-Martin (4). The Army lineup was: Captain C. Billingsly (1), Captain L. Judge (1), Major C. Gerhardt (1), and Lt. R. Fullerton (1).

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REMEMBER THE DAYS On Again, Off Again

When Carmel wanted to build a fence around the city to keep strangers out? *The sun glowed through the windows*

When Ginny Burton and Moira Wallace drove citizens mad with Hallowe'en pranks? *In a pink and golden haze, But my head felt like a box car And my mind was in a daze.*

When the first night of Romeo and Juliet at the Forest Theatre lasted until one in the morning? *With a moo cow's agile graces I slipped from out of bed, And when I stood upon my feet The ceiling hit my head!*

When strangers, looking for Aimee's cottage, were directed to the home of a certain well-known citizen? *Oh me for what I am today, I owe to last night's lore, For nothing's like the melting pot, From wicked nights before.*

When Kit Cooke, in an Abalone ball game down on the Point, finally made a hit and it broke up the ball game? And was the occasion for a parade up Ocean Avenue? *To shower with a zig-zag swish, The tub I finally found, Water hot and water cold, Ye gods, my head has grown!*

When George Ball and Ted Kuster made dramatic history at the Golden Bough with a season of swell plays? *—IMA TEMPEST.*

When Sis and Bain Reamer and their pals always made it a point to disturb night-beach-picnickers with catcalls?

When Perry Newberry ran for mayor of Carmel on the "keep Carmel different" platform? And was elected?

SILVA TO JUDGE ART

William Silva, Carmel artist, has been chosen as judge for the art exhibition in connection with the Santa Cruz County Fair at Watsonville. The fair opens on Armistice Day, November 11.

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ANNIVERSARY OF SIEGE OF MONTEREY

"Mother, look at all the dust, Who are those men coming from Pajaro?"

"Be quiet, Pedro, and come indoors."

"Mother, why are the drums beating?"

"Come inside Pedro and lock the door."

"But Mother, where is my father? And look, there are more men coming!"

"Hush, Pedro, they are the soldiers of Don Juan Bautista. Do not light the candle. We will sit here in the dark."

One hundred and one years ago this very night there were strange things happening in old Monterey. As she lay dreaming beside her harbor filled with foreign ships, an army of determined men marched along the shore from Jesus Vallejo's House of Glass on the Pajaro. Within the town Governor Nicolas Gutierrez gathered his nervous officers together. In true Latin style he harangued them on the necessity of defending the country against the invading forces.

In the column of marching men rode Don Juan Bautista Alvarado, young, popular, ambitious. Beside him was Jose Castro, a serious man, this General Castro. Behind them tooting away like mad came the fife and drum corps, the grandees on their fine horses and a motley group of eager revolutionists. Isaac Graham, the trapper from Tennessee, rode at the head of his gang of desperados, avarice shining in their eyes, plunder in their hearts. They looked across the Bay at Monterey and their anticipation was not good to see.

That night, November 3rd, 1836, the army marched into the capital of California and took the heights overlooking the plaza in which the hated governor and his cholos waited. They sent a message to Gutierrez demanding his surrender. The answer was delayed.

While they waited aid came from the townspeople and from the ships at anchor in the harbor. Still no answer. Indignation mounted.

The insurgent forces found one ball to fit the rusty cannon. They say that Jose Abrego supplied the ammunition. Pena was chosen to fire the shot. They allowed him "fifteen minutes to read up on artillery practice."

The breathless moment arrived, the one shot in Monterey must be well aimed. It was. Straight to its mark went the cannon ball, straight to the Governor's house where he and his officers talked. They stopped their talking and the Governor changed his mind. He agreed to re-

TALKS ON LEPROSY

William M. Danner, head of the coast department of the American Mission to Lepers, spoke last night at the Pine Inn. His subject was, "Ridding the World of Leprosy". Danner has devoted his life to the cause and is an authority on the subject, so his lecture was informative and well received.

INFORMAL PARTY

Saturday night there was an informal after-the-theater descension on Lynda Sargent. One group full of merriment and sore-sides (from laughing) came from the movie "Topper" and the other group full of disappointment and unrequited merriment converged from the Green Room play "By Candlelight". Those gathered in front of Lynda's fireplace to review the evening's plays and the newspaper situation were: Remo and Virginia Scardigli, Clay and Janie Otto, Dan and Rosalie James, Bill and Eleanor Irwin, Amelie Waldo, Ben Schaeffer, and Bill Kneass.

tire with his officers and leave California to her liberators.

Alvarado headed the popular cause. He put the prisoners of war on board one of the ships and the town gave itself over to rejoicing. Among the populace, however, there were about twenty-five bitter men, twenty-five who felt themselves cheated. These were the foreign legion, the men Graham commanded who had joined the rebellion for loot and power. They had been influential in the success, too, for they were well armed, the only section of the invading army that could boast of its equipment.

Alvarado restrained his helpers from bloodshed. They never really forgave him for this. Furthermore they claimed that they had been tricked by the commander. Don Juan Bautista had had a secret meeting with Graham some time before the actual hostilities broke out. Their meeting at Tia Boronda's house on the mesa was cut short by the arrival of Gutierrez' men to capture Alvarado. He escaped but not before he had promised to make California a free republic. This is the story Graham told, though there is serious doubt that he was right. The Tennessean was not noted for his truthfulness.

The result of the whole revolution was a three-day celebration in Monterey and a new governor for the State of California. Mexico thanked the young insurgent by appointing him to that exalted position.—N. L.

THE LAST ROUNDUP ON BROADWAY

The cowboys are winding up their season in Madison Square Garden. This is the last and biggest event of the season, biggest from the point of the purses offered. Only the best take part in this event for New York is a long way from the ranges and rim rocks of their native homes. For the lucky winners there is big money, for the rest headaches and, perhaps, hospitalization.

Why in the world they do it is another question. No powerful organization pays their transportation east or gives them expense money during the show. When they go it is very much on their own.

If they are hurt, and many of them are, the Association will pay their hospitalization but that is all. If a man has the misfortune to break a leg on opening night he still has to take care of his horse during the time he lies in a nice, sterile, white cot. Once released from the long corridors it is up to him to make his way back to health, the range, and a job as best he may.

In spite of this they come from all over the country. The circuit carries them from December in Prescott, Arizona, to the Gardens at this time of the year.

It is a romantic game they play. So few people today know the rules of the range that they take it for granted the horses are handled just this way on the ranches. This is an error. Except in the real back country, those regions of Nevada and its bordering territory does the horse receive such a course of education. On our California ranches he is handled very differently.

To turn out a good horse is the pride and job of every cowboy punching cattle in the Santa Lucias, the Gabilans and the Coast Range. Fine horses are an asset financially, for they bring good prices on the markets and good prizes to the pockets. At all the local rodeos well-trained roping horses are part of the game. Without a good horse a man has no chance at the tempting prize money.

We seem to have come back from Madison Square in a hurry. Let's leave the cowboy on his home range where he is happiest.—N. L.

Sue Brownell, who is now attending the University of California, spent the week-end in Carmel with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Raymond Brownell, at their home on Scenic Drive.

Friday Night Club's Hallowe'en Dance

Two hundred people were present at the Friday Night Club's Hallowe'en party at Asilomar. At 8:15 there was the reception and introductions, followed by a welcome, and announcements concerning the parties given by the hostess, Miriam Watson. People on the Peninsula have long wanted a place where there was plenty of room to dance, a good orchestra, and a congenial group of lively people. All this can be found at the Club's dances. Their policy will be to have two or three special dances during each evening which will give the crowd a chance to get acquainted. Some evenings there will be special entertainment features, and there will always be good music to dance by and good food.

Friday evening there were three special dances and at ten o'clock for six months.

MRS. McKENZIE DEAD


Mrs. Mamie McKenzie died in her Carmel Valley home Saturday. She was the wife of Donald McKenzie. They were pioneers of the county, having lived in the valley and Salinas region for 33 years. She leaves two daughters and a son.

there was some Hallowe'en entertainment that included a Graveyard Pantomime by Norma Shotwell, Leda Shepard, Barbara Stockton, and Anita Harper. This was followed by a Hallowe'en Goblin Dance by Bob McMenamin, and a Ghost Dance by Mingdon Sheets and Fordre Fratis. The party broke up at twelve o'clock, and it was conceded by everyone to be a most successful evening.

Mrs. Jean Ritchie left yesterday

for Washington, D. C., to be gone special dances and at ten o'clock for six months.

Palmy Days



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